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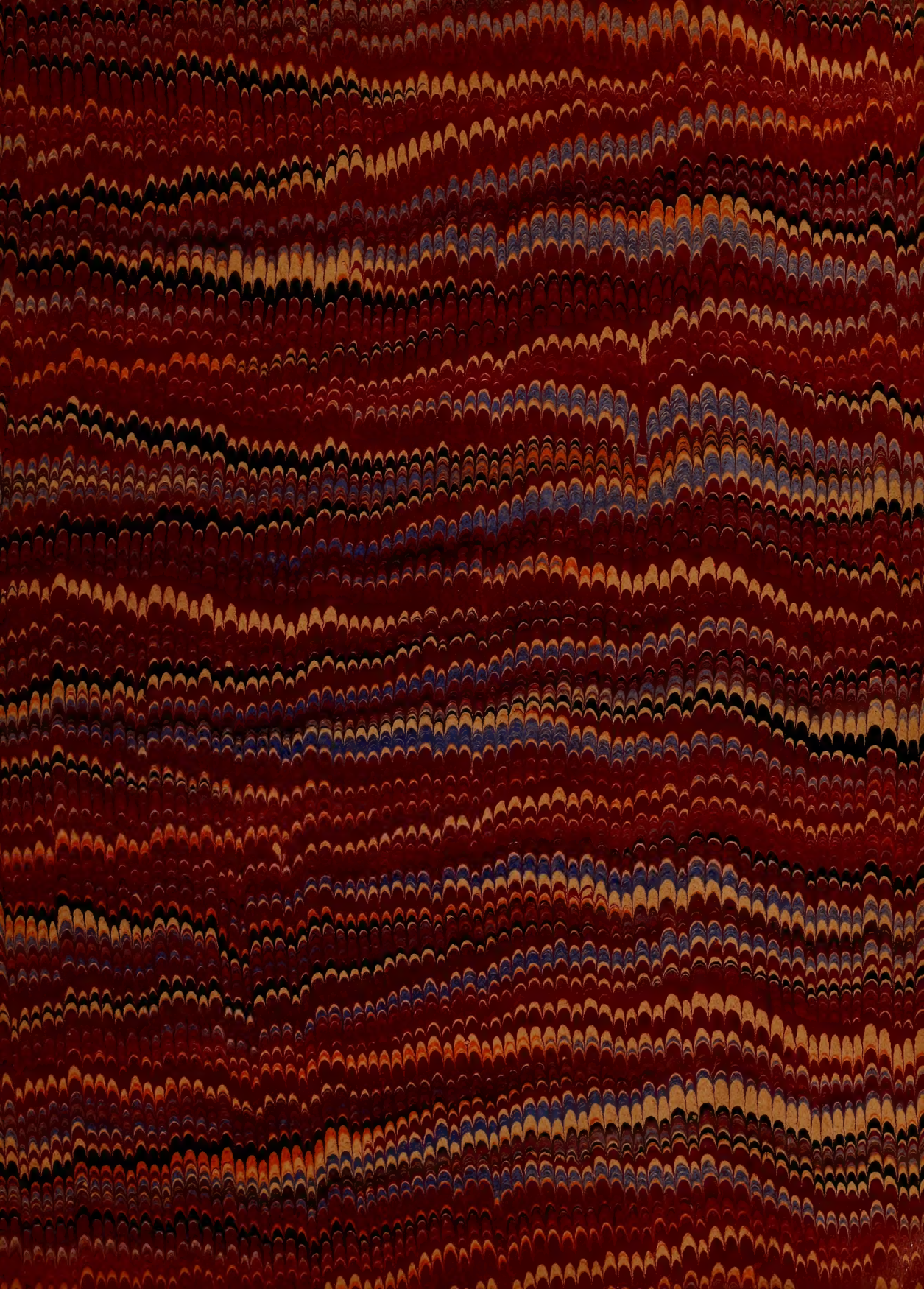


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Autumn Woods



by
William Cullen Bryant.

AUTUMN WOODS.

BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



ILLUSTRATED BY

LOUIS K. HARLOW.

BOSTON:

SAMUEL E. CASSINO,

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AUTUMN WOODS.

Ere, in the northern gale,

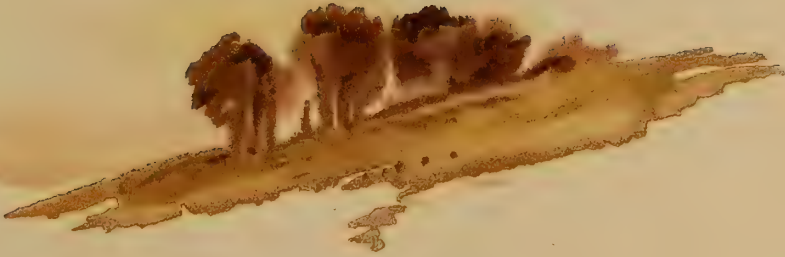
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,

The woods of Autumn, all around our vale

Have put their glory on.



The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

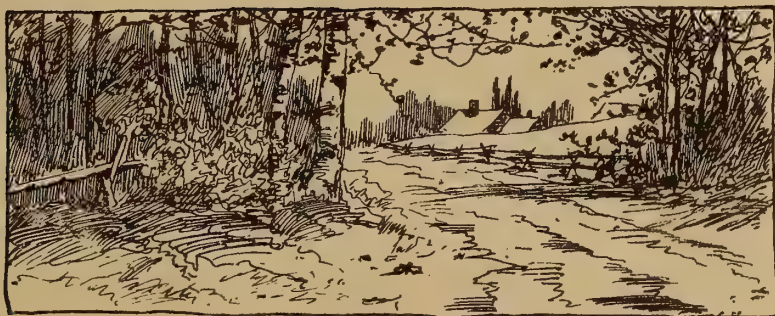


I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.



My steps are not alone

In these bright walks; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

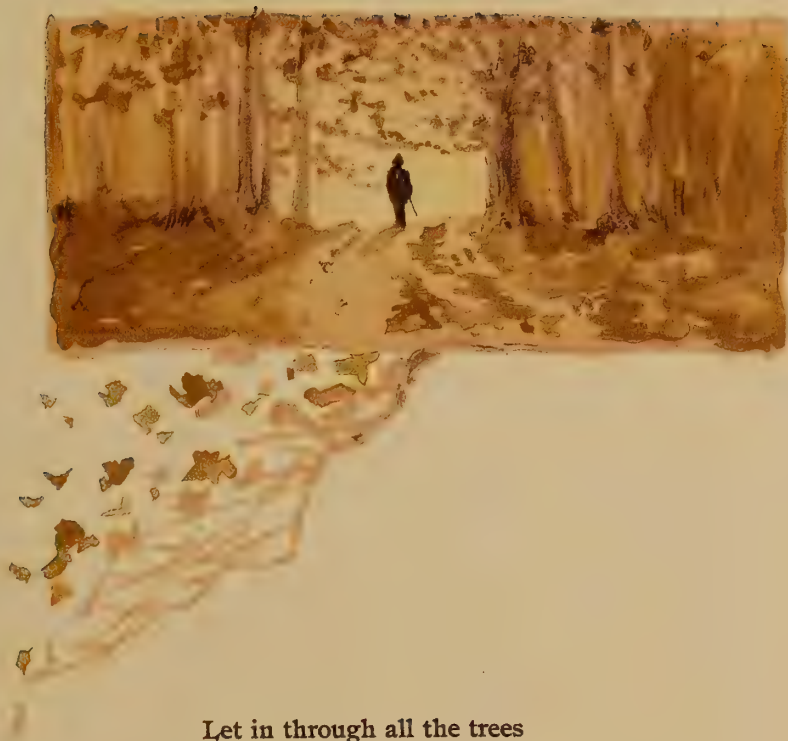




And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile
The sweetest of the year.



Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet
So grateful, when the moon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat ?



Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are
bright;
Their sunny colored foliage, in the breeze
Twinkles, like beams of light.



The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
 Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
 Her blush of maiden shame.



Oh, Autumn ! why so soon

Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,



Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,

And leave thee wild and sad !



Ah ! 'twere a lot too blest

Forever in thy colored shades to stray ;

Amid the kisses of the soft southwest

To rove and dream for aye ;

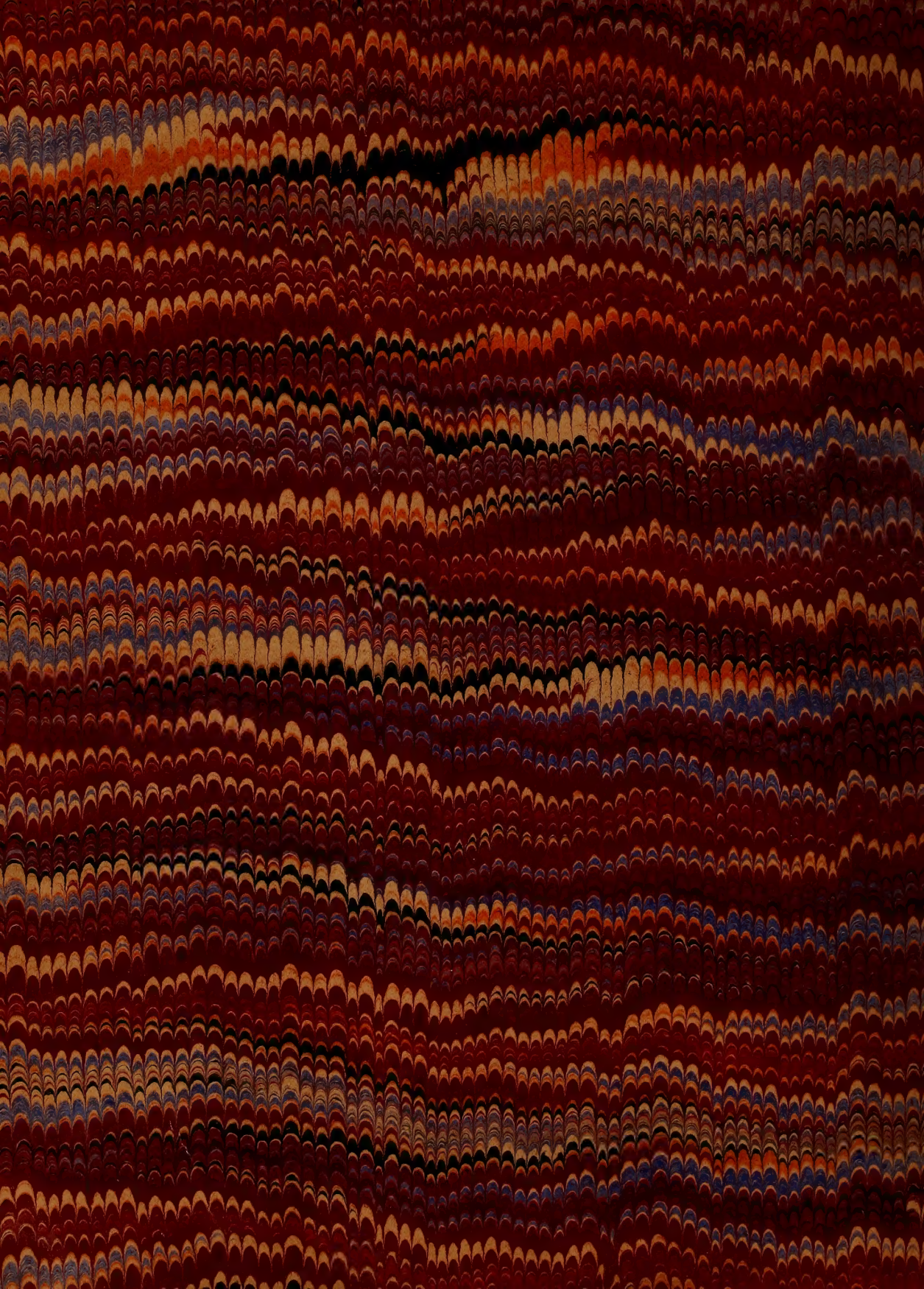
And leave the vain low strife

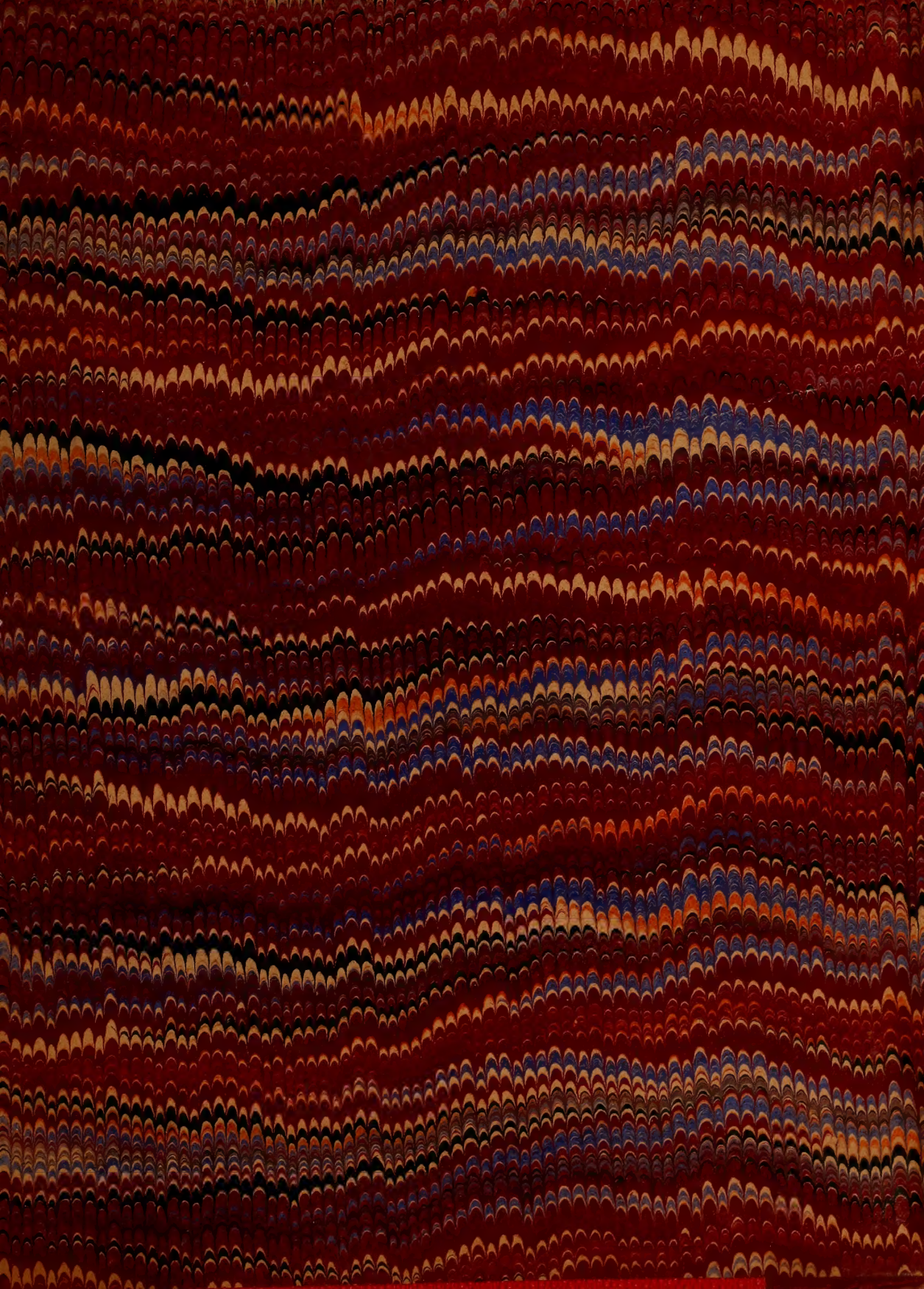
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power—

The passions and the cares that wither life,

And waste its little hour.







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